

Linkin Park "Soul Song"

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I will be waiting
With a song in my soul
A fortunate weakling
Which I have foretold

He raises his arms tied
Above the abyss
Singing his sweet song
His melody opens up the sun

Freedom raid
God has come
Rivers of blood
Pushed back in my veins

She sleeps with her eyes closed
To dream of the past
Her mind has gone blind now
While the memory closes up this sun

Freedom rain
God has come
Rivers of blood
Pushed back in my veins

[yeah]
I will be waiting
With a song in my soul
A fortunate weakling
Which I have foretold

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